Hot. That Roane ſhal be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. O Eſperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What ſaieſt thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot Why, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad headded ape, a weazell hath not ſuch a deal of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In faith Ile know your buſines Harry, that I wil: I fear, my brother Mortimer doth ſtir about his title, & hath ſent for you to line his enterpriſe, but if you go

Hot. So far a foote, I ſhal be weary, loue.

La. Come, come you Paraquito, anſwere me directly, vnto this queſtiō that I ſhal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler, loue; I loue thee not,
I care not for thee Kate, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloudie noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me my horſe:
What ſaiſt thou Kate; what wouldſt thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?
Wel, do not then; for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Do you not loue me?
Nay, tel me, if you ſpeake in jeaſt, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſeback, I wil ſwere,
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate,
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me,
Whither I go: nor reaſon where about:
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you Gentle Kate:
I know you wiſe, but yet no further wiſe,
Then Harry Percies wife: conſtant you are,
But yet a woman and for ſecrecy,
No Lady cloſer, for I wil beleaue,
Thou wilt not vtter what thou doſt not know:
And ſo far wil I truſt thee, gentle Kate.

La. How, ſo far?

Hot.

Hot. Not an inch further: b
VVhither I go, thither ſhall yo
To day will I ſet forth, to morr
VVill this content you Kate?

Lady It muſt of force.

Enter Prince

Prince. Ned, prethee come ou
thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines VVhere haſt bin Hal

Prin. VVith three or foure lo
foure ſcore hogſ-heads. I haue
humility. Sirra, I am ſworne br
can call them all by their chriſt
Francis: they take it already vpo
be but prince of VVales, yet I a
flatly I am not proud Iack, like
lad of mettall, a good boy (by t
when I am King of England, I
in Eaſtcheape. They cal drinkin
you breath in your watring, the
off. To conclude, I am ſo good
an houre, that I can drinke wit
guage, during my life. I tel the
nour that thou wert not with m
to ſweeten which name of Ned
ſugar, clapt euen now into my h
that neuer ſpake other Engliſh i
ſixepence, and you are welcome
anon ſir; skore a pint of baſtard
Ned, to driue away time til Falſ
ſtand in ſome by roome, while I
what end he gaue me the ſugar
Francis, that his tale to me may
aſi de, and Ile ſhew thee a preſe

Poines Francis.

Prince Thou art perfect.

Poines Francis.

Fran. Anone anone ſir; look

D

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